DUNDRY CHURCH TOWER AND QUARRIES.

When in Bristol, two or three weeks ago, a pleasant friend drove us to Dundry, in Somersetshire. Dundry is a small hamlet to the parish of Chew Magna, about five miles from Bristol, and contains about fifty houses, clustered about a church, with a fine lofty tower which, standing on a hill, may be seen from afar, and is said to have been built as a sea-mark by the merchant adventurers of Bristol. The towers at Chewton Mendip, Chew Magna, and Dundry, are ascribed to the same architect, and what was probably a bad joke has become a tradition, to the effect that he gave the name to the latter place, by exclaiming when he had finished the tower, "Now I have done dree."

The tower is of the Late Perpendicular period, massive and plain, with fine bold strings, and crowned with the pierced turrets, and traceried battlements, with a lofty pinnacle in the centre of each square face of the tower, and a small buttress at each angle, projecting before the angle of the turret, supported on a carved grotesque, peculiar to the west of England. The tower of Gloucester Cathedral, finished about the middle of fifteenth century, probably afforded the type for this arrangement. St. Mary's, Taunton, and St. Stephen's, at Bristol, are both similarly terminated. The tower of St. Mary's, Taunton, belongs to quite the close of the fifteenth century, or the commencement of the sixteenth, and to this same date the tower of Dundry may be ascribed.*

Annexed we give an engraving of the tower, from a drawing by Mr. C. Wickes, whose proposed work on the towers and spires of Great Britain we mentioned recently. The projection of the slight angular buttresses from the pierced work give a top-heavy appearance to this tower, which is not the case at St. Mary's, Taunton. The reason appears to be this, that the main buttresses of the Taunton tower are placed close to the angles, and the pinnacle with which each is surmounted runs close up to the carved figure that carries the small angular buttresses above, so that, looked at in whatever position it may be, the pyramidal form of the whole mass is preserved,—the top does not seem to overhang. Whereas in the Dundry tower, the main buttresses of the tower which towards the top project only slightly, and ultimately die away, are set in some distance from the angle on each face. The tower is in an excellent state of preservation; but the upper part had become loosened and decayed, and has been braced and tied with iron in the most extraordinary manner. The story told us on the spot by the custodian of the church, with evident gratulation, was, that an architect having been called in, "who wanted a job" he supposed, he reported that it ought to be repaired and partly rebuilt, but that the parish blacksmith said he would make it all sound for one-fifth of what the architect said it would cost, and thence the elaborate network of iron bars which now disfigure it, and must ultimately destroy it altogether. Long bars of iron, from the level of the flat to the top of the turrets, cross each other in all directions, without even the commonest arrangement to prevent evil effects from expansion and contraction. We cannot too often impress on parish authorities, when dealing with structures which belong to posterity, the necessity of taking proper advice and following it.

The church is small, and of much earlier foundation than the tower. In the churchyard the ancient cross remains. It is placed on four high steps, above which it rises about 16 feet. The base is of one stone, 3 feet 9 inches square, and 3 feet 3 inches high: the arrangement of this on its plinth, and the simple means by which an intricacy of plan (passing from a decagon to a square, and from the square to an octagon) is obtained, are worth study.

The cross, like the tower, is of the stone from the neighbouring quarries, and is in good condition,—much better than is Redcliffe Church, which was built with stone from the same place. Dundry stone is an oolitic limestone. A considerable extent of land has been quarried in early times, perhaps 40 or 50 acres. The workable stone lies 20 feet from the surface, and is not more than 5 or 6 feet thick, consisting of three beds, each about 20 inches high; of these the middle bed alone, the quarrymen said, can be used for carving.

The overlying stratum, called the "Bastard stone" (6 or 7 feet in thickness) is very hard, almost granitic, and might be used for heavy work. The base of the cross already mentioned, is from this bed, and there is a large cube of it in the churchyard, near the south porch, known popularly as the pay-table.* A block, 20 tons in weight, might be got out of this bed, if it were needed. At the entrance of one of the ancient quarries, a flat block has fallen, which is 12 feet long, and 15 feet wide.

Recently one of the quarries has been worked to a trifling extent, and the circumstance which led to it was somewhat curious.

A bull left grazing in the field above was missed, and for two days speculation was at fault concerning his whereabout. At the end of that time, two boys observed a fissure in the earth amongst some bushes, and adventurously descending, found themselves in an extensive quarry, and the bull there before them, evidently by the same road. They ascended with the news, and a quarryman, with a few ounces of powder, soon made an opening by which first to release the incipient beef, and afterwards some blocks of stone. In early times this incident might have been dressed into a very pretty proof of supernatural intervention, and have led to the endowment of an abbey or the erection of a church.

Bristol, seen from the hill on returning, with the cathedral and adjacent spires, the river, and the rocks at Clifton, makes a beautiful view; and on the road there is a large residence worth noticing, for the arrangement of its twelve chimneys, which are connected into a square turret-like form in the centre of a flat roof, with three arched openings in each side. According to a casual informant, a singularly obtuse plough-boy, standing near,† the house is called "The Twelve Tons,"—probably with reference to these chimneys. In some parts of the country, if we remember rightly, chimney-pots are called *cans*. Enough, however, of Dundry for once.

* A stone in the bottom story of the Dundry tower is marked with the date 1483.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY ASSOCIATION AND THE HEALTH AND LIGHT TAX.

The association have now properly spoken out against this abominable tax, and have prepared a petition to both Houses, showing that light and air are absolutely essential to healthy human organization. That the diseased conditions, which are the more prominent results of a deficient supply of light and air, are tubercular diseases, and zymotic or epidemic diseases. That about *nineteen thousand persons annually perish in London from these tubercular or scrofulous diseases.* That these, from their long continuance and from wasting the means of life before death, may be characterized as *pauperizing diseases*, and that the experience of the medical men connected with the orphan charities of the metropolis proves a very large proportion of the parents of such children to have perished of consumption.

The petitioners properly say, "That health is the capital of the working man, and that whatever be the necessities of the State, nothing can justify a tax affecting the health of the people, and especially the health of the labouring community, whose bodily health and strength constitute their wealth, and oftentimes their only possession:" further, "that no modification of the tax on windows can free it from the calamitous results of which it is the cause."

This was signed by the Bishop of London, as president, Lord Robert Grosvenor, and the honorary secretaries, and will be presented by the Bishop and Lord R. Grosvenor.

The Tower Hamlets branch of the association have resolved on a similar petition.

On the 26th an influential deputation waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the same subject. Sir Ralph Howard, Mr. W. E. Hickson, Mr. N. B. Ward, Lord Robert Grosvenor, and Mr. C. Fowler addressed statements to the Chancellor, to which no reply could be given. All the pledge they could obtain, however, was, that the question would receive the fullest consideration of the Government.

We have a pile of letters, from correspondents, on the tax, but have not space for them.

* There is a "pay-table," it will be remembered, in the porch of Cirencester Church.

† It is to be hoped not an index of the mental state of the rural population thereabouts.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

In addition to the ordinary interest generally awakened by the annual display of the works of Cattermole, Cox, Fielding, Prout, Hunt, and the other patriarchs who have raised water colours to their present position, a wonderful specimen of elaboration, a marvellous combination of power and care, by Mr. John F. Lewis (whose name, though justly known far and wide by pictures and sketches, chiefly of Spanish episodes, is seldom appended to an exhibition list), excited a *furore* at the private view of this society's works on the 27th. In handicraft and completeness, nothing of modern times has approached it. The consummate management of reflected light, the precision with which every part is respectively perfected and brought together, are causes of wonder and admiration. The chosen theme for this singular expense of labour (an expense few artists can afford), is (147) "The Hhareem." The prince is represented seated cross-legged amidst his "collection," gazing intently on the beauties of a young Nubian houri, the latest acquisition, who, with an instinctive timidity, is being unveiled by a tall eunuch for the approbation or disapprobation of his lord and master. The shrinking, modest attitude of the "bargain," is strongly contrasted by the easy carelessness of the several "peerless pearls," "lights of mine eyes," and "apples of my heart," grouped around the monarch, anxiously, in spite of their expressed indifference, awaiting the result of the inspection: the dignified superciliousness of the favourite lounging in luxurious ease on the divan, hardly deigning a glance at her rivals, is a charming impersonation, the loose eastern costume, superlatively picturesque, so exquisitely drawn, and assorted so naturally to the wearers, is free from conveying a notion of fancy balls. The effect of the light streaming in through every aperture of the trellis building, casts a shadow of the cagework on nearly all the objects introduced, and so subtly is this managed as not to strike the eye immediately, and it induces a delusion of its growing by degrees stronger, and anon, weaker. The total absence of positive shadow suggests, at first sight, an idea of flatness, but on closer observation, the decided, but delicate manner in which every particular is cleared from that which surrounds it, not interfering with general breadth, compels one to acknowledge that an introduction of more colour and depth would lessen its value as a close imitation of fact and circumstances.

The *tout ensemble* of the gallery is so like what it has been for years, that one seems to have seen and to recollect almost all the drawings,—the same excellencies that characterize the many, the same faults that are chargeable to the few.

The veteran Cox still revels in his vigorous washes of Nature's own hues, and stereotypes passing cloudy effects with that freedom undeniably his. (24) "Summer," a broad field landscape with haymakers, devoid of all conventional feeling. (35) "Changing the Pasture." (133 "Beaver Grove—Bettws-y-Coed." (141) "Blackberry Gatherers." (213) "A Welsh Funeral," a first-rate specimen, with some three or four others, are equal to any preceding exhibitions.

Cattermole continues to perpetuate his gorgeous dreams of the glorious days of chivalry. (285) A series of subjects: 1. The Offence; 2. The Challenge; 3. The Sword. (299) 1. The Departure; 2. The Combat; 3. The Issue:—comprise a tale, told with impetuous fervour, in better colours than it would be in a three volume romance. (294) "Three Scenes from Macbeth," wears rather a theatrical aspect. (318) "Scene with Macbeth and the Murderers of Banquo," wherein are introduced the three witches on rather questionable authority, is the most successful of his contributions for character and purpose. The witch who is squeezing venom into Macbeth's cup, from an adder writhing round her arm, is highly symbolical, but intrusive. (330) "Scene from Woodstock," is rather weak and below his average mark. (344) A sparkling

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